

No. COLXVI.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER

A LYRIC DRAMA, IN ONE ACT,

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH
AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

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With a view to obviate the great difficulty experienced by Amateurs (particularly in country houses) in obtaining Scenery, &c., to fix in a Drawing Room, and then only by considerable outlay for hire and great damage caused to walls, we have decided to keep a series of Scenes, &c., colored on strong paper, which can be joined together or pasted on canvas or wood, according to requirement. Full directions, with diagrams showing exact size of Back Scenes, Borders, and Wings, can be had free on application. The following four scenes consist each of thirty sheets of paper.

GARDEN.

The above is an illustration of this scene. It is kept in two sizes. The size of the back scene of the smaller one is 10 feet long and $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and extends with the wings and border, to 15 feet long and 8 feet high. The back scene of the large one is 13 feet long and 9 feet high, and extends, with the wings and border, to 20 feet long and $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. It is not necessary to have the scene the height of the room, as blue paper to represent sky is usually hung at the top. Small size, with Wings and Border complete, \$7.50; large size, do., \$10.00.

WOOD.

This is similar in style to the above, only a wood scene is introduced in the centre. It is kept in two sizes, as the previous scene, and blue paper can be introduced as before indicated. Small size, with Wings and Borders complete, \$7.50; large size, do., \$10.00.

FOLIAGE.—This is a sheet of paper on which foliage is drawn, which can be repeated and cut in any shape required. Small size, 30 in. by 20 in., 25 cts. per sheet; large size, 40 in. by 30 in., 35 cts. per sheet.

TREE TRUNK.—This is to be used with the foliage sheets and placed at the bottom of the scene.—Price and size same as foliage.

DRAWING ROOM.

This scene is only kept in the large size. The back scene is 13 feet long and 9 feet high, and extends, with the wings and borders, to 20 feet long and $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. In the centre is a French window, leading down to the ground, which could be made practicable if required. On the left wing is a fireplace with mirror above, and on the right wing is an oil painting. The whole scene is tastefully ornamented and beautifully colored, forming a most elegant picture. Should a box scene be required extra wings can be had, consisting of doors each side, which could be made practicable. Price, with Border and one set of Wings, \$10.00; with Border and two sets of Wings, to form box scene, \$12.50.

COTTAGE INTERIOR.

This is also kept in the large size only. In the centre is a door leading outside. On the left centre is a rustic fireplace, and the right centre is a window. On the wings are painted shelves, &c., to complete the scene. A box scene can be made by purchasing extra wings, as before described, and forming doors on each side. Price, with Border and one set of Wings, \$10.00; with Border and two sets of Wings, to form box scene, \$12.50.

The above Scenes, mounted, can be seen at 28 West 23d St.,
New York. Full directions accompany each Scene.

KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER.

A Lyric Drama,

IN ONE ACT.

FROM THE DANISH OF HENRIK HERZ

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

WITH

CASTS OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, AND ALL THE
STAGE BUSINESS.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	St. James's, London, 1860.	Howard Athenæum, Boston, 1864
KING RENÉ,.....	Mr. Stuart	Mr. McGregor
COUNT TRISTAN OF VAUDEMONT,.....	" C. Kean	" Warwick
SIR GEOFFREY OF ORANGE, (his Friend,).....	" Webster	" W. Cowell
SIR ALMERIO,.....	" B. Wentworth	" Lingham
EBN JAHIA, (a Moorish Physician,).....	" Howe	" H. O. Pardey
BERTRAND,.....	" Rogers	" Linden
IOLANTHÉ, (the Blind Daughter of King René,).....	Mrs. Charles Kean	Mrs. A. C. Mowatt
MARTHA, (Wife of Bertrand,).....	" H. Marston	Miss L. Cutler

The action takes place in Provence, in a valley of Vacluse, and lasts from the afternoon to sunset. The period is the middle of the fifteenth century.

COSTUMES.

RENÉ. — Ample robes of puce velvet, trimmed with dark fur, cut square at the neck; showy habit shirt; yellow tights; ankle shoes, with long peak at the toes; gold chain round the neck; sword, belt, and chain; a turban head dress. The hair was worn long on each side and at the back, but cut straight across the forehead; moustache and beard were not generally worn.

TRISTAN. — A gold embroidered shirt, very short and full, with full sleeves; green embroidered tights; yellow morocco boots, with long pointed toes; gold chain; sword belt and sword; circular cap and feather. — *2d dress.* Complete suit of plated brass and steel armor, of the period Henry VI. of England.

GEOFFREY. — Short full shirt, trimmed with fur; scarlet tights; buff boots with pointed toes; high-crowned hat, the brim straight in front,

but turned back and fastened to the hat behind; gold chain; sword-belt and sword. — *2d dress.* Complete armor of the time.

SIR ALMERIO. — Same as Sir Geoffrey's first.

EBN JAHIA. — Dark robes; buff shoes; turban; gray hair and beard; dark complexion.

BERTRAND. — Brown shirt, trimmed with dark fur; turban cap; ankle shoes with pointed toes; buff belt; gray hair.

SOLDIERS. — Half armor of the time.

IOLANTHÉ. — A white robe of some clear, transparent material, adorned at the breast, the wrists, and the bottom of the skirt with gold embroidery; girdle of gold; brooch, &c.; a golden circlet round the head.

MARTHA. — Short-waisted dress of brown stuff, trimmed with fur; pointed shoes; coif cap of black velvet, trimmed with gold lace; gray hair

KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER.

SCENE. — *On the R. of the stage is a one-storied house covered with ivy and roses. Venetian blinds to the windows. At the back of the house is seen a garden flourishing in the richest southern vegetation. Near the front, on both sides, are tall palm trees. Behind the garden is some rocky ground, overgrown with thick shrubs, and in L. C. of this, a door, so concealed by moss and large stones, that it is only perceived when it is opened. Behind are seen, in the distance, very high mountains.*

BERTRAND comes out of the house, R., and speaks in a subdued tone.

Ber. Some one approaches ! 'Tis no doubt a messenger
Come from the king.

(Goes to the secret door, L. C., which he opens, and admits SIR ALMERIC, but keeps him near the entrance, and prevents his advancing further.)

Sir Almeric ! You here ?

Nay, halt ! Stand back ! for no one passes hither.

Al. (L. C. up stage.) I may, at least.

Ber. (C. up.)

Nay, sir, I am in earnest,

For no one enters here. You did deceive me.

Hearing the wonted signal, I supposed

It surely was Raoul.

Al. Raoul comes not ;

The king commands me so to tell thee, Bertrand :

Here is his signet ring, and here his letter to thee,

Of which I am the bearer. (**BERTRAND takes the ring and the letter.**)

Ber. His signet ring ? Where is it ? 'Tis indeed

The king's. And this his writing ? I will read it.

(*Reads.*) " Sir Almeric is to be trusted ; give him

Free knowledge on all points he may require." .

That is another matter. Sir Knight,

Be not offended at my caution. You

Who know the purpose of this fair retreat,

Know, too, that caution is to me a duty.

Al. I know the object of this fair retreat ?

Not I ! The king's behest brought me indeed

Through dismal valleys and o'er rugged rocks,

Unto this door. I am astonished here

To find (once past this narrow rocky clift)
 A paradise. Nay, what is this, too, here?
 A noble mansion, every thing so rich
 And beauteous! Tell me, then, what means this mystery?

Ber. (*In a doubting tone.*) Know you then nothing from
 King René?

Al. Nothing.

Ber. That is unfortunate; from me, of course,
 Still less can you expect to hear.

Al. Nay, Bertrand —

Ber. Not I; 'tis my fixed purpose.

Enter MARTHA, from house, R.

Mar. Whom are you speaking with? Sir Almeric!
 You here?

Ber. (*To MARTHA.*) He hath the king's own ring, and know ~~sth~~
 too,
 The private signal how to enter here;
 All else is strange to him.
 Therefore he must at once depart.

Al. I must? Though sent here by the king?

Ber. You must

Mar. Stay, Bertrand, let us speak. (*To ALMERIC.*)
 What was your message, sir?

Al. To say that in an hour or so, the king,
 With his physician, Ebn Jahia, cometh.

Mar. I know him well — a man of great repute.

Al. He comes here with the king; and yours the care,
 (Such were his words,) that all be well prepared,
 As the physician had already ordered.

Mar. This

Was all you heard from him?

Al. Nay, little more;
 All that he added was to me a mystery;
 First stood he deep in thought; awhile he said,
 "Remember, sir, I reckon on thy truth,
 My daughter thou wilt find where thou art going."
 Tell me, I pray ye, then, what daughter was it
 (Of whom King René spake, for Margaret
 Is, as we know, in England, and Iolanthe —

Mar. Is here!

Al. Is here? Iolanthe is in Spain,
 In that same convent where from her youth
 She hath been ever nurtured.

Mar. No, Sir Knight,
 Iolanthe liveth here. It is, indeed,
 As you well say, a mystery, and one
 Of deep import. Although thus far concealed
 From all the world, the time is near at hand
 When all must be revealed.

Al. Nay, but I pray
Tell it me now.

Ber. As 'tis the king's command,
I will. You know, of course, the ancient feud
Between King René and Count Vaudemont?

Al. I know it well, and that 'twas set at rest
By mediation of the Duke de Burgundy,
By which King René's daughter, Iolanthe,
Then newly born, was to the only son
Of Count Anton de Vaudemont betrothed.

Ber. May it all end so ; but alas, Sir Knight,
Soon after this compact, within the palace
Broke out in midnight's gloom a sudden fire :
Iolanthe, then an infant, hardly saved
From burning, and surrounded on all sides
By the hot enemy, was cast perforce,
As a last hope of safety, from the height
E'en to the lowest base of the king's palace.
Her life was saved ; but whether from the fright,
Or from the headlong fall, the heavenly light
Of her young eyes was quenched.

Al. She lost her sight ?

Mar. Alas, she did ! And now you comprehend
Our grief, her father's deep despair ; a child
So full of fairest promise sunk in darkness.
The hopes that hung upon her life destroyed,
The deadly feud with Vaudemont renewed,
Nay, even more embittered ; for the count
Will hardly choose the blind one for his bride,
Nay, may, perhaps, believe the compact made
In pure deceit, with one already blind.

Al. What course then did the king
Propose ?

Ber. At first to keep unknown the fact
That she was blind ; this with a child so young
Was easy ; till at length from Cordova
He brought this Moor, this Ebn Jahia,
This famous leech, who gave us counsels wise,
How she must nurtured be. At length he cast
The horoscope of her nativity.

Al. And then ?

Ber. And then he gave us brighter hopes,
That if she reached sixteen she would recover
In the relaxed nerves, their former tone,
And see again. To-day, then, will she number
The sixteen years complete, and Ebn Jahia
Is with the king.

He says the time hath not yet come. Heaven knows
If it will ever come.

Al. (After a pause.) Iolanthe, how bears she the sad affliction !

Mar. She knows not
That she is blind.

Al. Knows not that she is blind !
Surely you do but jest with me ?

Mar. The truth of all I say you shall yourself
Experience ; yet must I charge you nearly
Not to put forth one word that can refer
To her lost sight, such caution hath been practised
By all that hither come. You may not mention
What eyesight only tells of, the broad glare
Of day, nor the moon's softer light, nor e'en
The blessed stars above ; for in her night
No stars e'er glimmer.

Al. This then alone the cause why thus remote,
She still has lived from the world's intercourse,
Which else had told of sorrows now unknown.

Ber. 'Tis even so !
She knows each nook, can pass from place to place
Unguarded and alone ;
She can work, can ply the needle,
Even tend her own garden, and is ever gay.

Al. One question more :
Living with you, thus from the world apart,
Believes she that this vale is all the world ?

Mar. Iolanthe is not in such solitude
As you suppose. There is beyond the mountains
Saint Clara's Convent, and the holy abbess
Or the good nuns will oftentimes visit her.

Al. And thus
She nothing misses ; and is thus content.
All the rich treasures that the world can offer,
All its brave gauds she knows not of. Where
Is she now ?

Mar. She sleeps !

Al. At such an hour ?

Ber. One hour daily doth she sleep,
'Tis her physician's order ; but 'tis not
A gentle, natural slumber. I know not
What I should think of it ; indeed, by some
Mysterious communion, and strange signs,
Can Ebn Jahia close her eyes in sleep
At any moment : then upon her breast
He lays a talisman of mighty potency ;
And not till this be first
Removed, awaketh she. (*A sound of a bell is heard.*)

Mar. Bertrand, 'tis the bell ; the king
Approaches ! (*BERTRAND exit through the secret door, L. c.*)

Al. Comes the king often hither ?

Mar. When he sojourns at his castle here
We see him frequently ; and then again,

When business or far travel hinders him,
'Tis months or ere he comes to visit us.

Al. Knows Iolanthe that her sire is king

Mar. She knows it not, but only
She calls him father, and with all of us
His name is still Raymbaut; a troubadour
Of great repute.

Al. Here comes the king.

: *Enter the KING, EBN JAHIA, and BERTRAND, through the secret door, L. C.*

King. How goes all with Iolanthe?

Mar. Thus far, as we would wish.

King. Thou knowest well
All he hath told thee, and no doubt have followed it
Exactly. Has Iolanthe worn each night
The bandage on her eyes?

Mar. She has, sire!

King. (To EBN JAHIA.) Come, then, Ebn Jahia, see
How far your skill hath worked! Go to Iolanthe!
Bertrand and Martha follow! Be ye ready,
Should he have need of aid!

(EBN JAHIA, accompanied by BERTRAND and MARTHA, goes into the house, R.)

King. (C.) Well, Almeric, wast thou not full of wonder
At the first sight of this fair, peaceful vale —
Is it not a little Paradise?

Al. (R.) Truly it seems a vale of beauty and of happiness.

King. O that my fate had been so blest that here
I might have lived 'mid all I treasure most,
Science, philosophy, and nature's charms;
How gladly had I then resigned all else,
Naples, Lorraine, e'en to the bitter feud
With Vaudemont.

Al. That feud is at an end,
Since even now the presence you await
Of the Count Tristan here; then all must end
In happiness.

King. I hope it will be so.
But hush! I hear them speaking. Ebn Jahia
Hath roused her. She hath raised her heavy eyelids.
Listen! She speaks; but still as if she dreamed,
While he, into her eyes, looks steadfastly.
And now he placeth gently on her breast
The amulet, and see, she sleeps again.

Al. 'Tis strange.

King. Yea, very strange, this Moorish leech
Possesseth pow'r that might awaken terror.
He cometh! Leave us, Almeric. Yet first
Betake thee to the castle; I must tarry;

Should any letter come from Tristan, hasten
To bring it here. Thou know'st the private signal.

Al. Ay, my liege.

(*Exit L. C.*)

EBN JAHIA enters, R.

King. (*Turning to him.*) Comest thou, Ebn Jahia,
Like the blessed dove, with olive branch of Hope?
Thy countenance is earnest and mysterious
Like to thy art. I cannot well decipher
Its mystic characters; then speak!

Ebn. (*c.*) The best
Of hopes I have.

King. (*R. c.*) In truth? O, tell me, then,
On what 'tis founded; what thy present plans;
And what thy practice. Thou knowest
How noble and how dear a part of man
The eye. Thou never sure couldst bring thyself
Even to approach Iolanthe's beauteous eye
With any cutting instrument.

Ebn. Be comforted; the surgeon's aid were vain
In such a case.

King. What is thy purpose, then?

Ebn. Nay, be content. My healing art depends
On secret mysteries I may not tell.
'Tis not this instant's thought, but long prepared
From day to day. The moment is at hand
When it must stand the test. The day of trial
Is even now arrived. This day she sees — or never.

King. This day?

Ebn. When sunset's hour
Is come, and its bright glow hath given place
To milder twilight, such as best may suit
Eyes all unused to its meridian blaze,
'Tis then the instant that I seek.

King. The time is come at last, O, Ebn Jahia.
How I from day to day, from hour to hour,
Have looked and longed for it; and yet, at last,
When it is come, O, my heart sinks within me,
So that I fain would yet the hour postpone.
Yet, be it so. Soon will the sun be set,
And with it set, perhaps, too, my last hope.
Well, let it be. But thou art deep in thought.
How? Dost thou then hesitate?

Ebn. No, my liege.

King. Thou doubttest? Thou dost fear that we shall fail
Is it not so?

Ebn. My liege, be comforted;
It is not *that* I fear; there is another
And greater obstacle which thwarts my skill.

King. An obstacle.

Ebn. There is, my liege,
One that to touch, I fear you'll scarce consent.
Iolanthe must, before my great essay,
Know that, of which she now is ignorant,
This day she must be told that she is blind ;
She must be rendered conscious of her need.

King. What say'st thou? Never, Ebn Jahia, never
That shall she never hear.

Ebn. It must be so,
Or all my art is fruitless.

King. Never, never !
Couldst thou so merciless, so void of pity be.
What ! now disturb — and O ! if now, forever,
This sweet unconsciousness, on which is built
The happiness we value. Not by degrees,
Not with all tender caution, but at once,
And suddenly — must we thus tear aside
The veil that from herself hideth her misery.
And if we fail? O, hast thou then forgotten
How we for years have all our cares devoted
To keep the truth concealed ! It is, indeed,
Thine own contrivance. *Thou* hast shown the way
We must pursue, and now thou wouldst thyself
Dash thine own structure to the ground ! And why ?

Ebn. The why were easily explained, my liege,
Would you but calmly listen. You suppose
The sense of sight is lodged within the eye,
Whereas this eye is but the mere machine.
The fount of sight streams from the inmost soul,
And in the secret chambers of the brain,
The eyes' fine nerves convey each nice impression.
Iolanthe must exactly know her state.
We must arouse *the eye within* to action,
Ere that *without* can ope to light. The soul
Must wake to a conception, a desire,
A clear idea, a longing after light,
For, rest assured, sire, nought to man is given,
Unless he first within his heart conceive
An ardent wish to gain it, and will ply,
With earnest mind, the means by which to do so.

King. I mean not, O, Ebn Jahia ! to measure wisdom with thee
I only know
That pity cries aloud within my bosom,
And I can *not* do it — nay, 'tis impossible !

Ebn. Do as you will ; I have but power to counsel.
Hast thou not confidence enough to follow
That counsel, I am useless. Fare thee well,
I'll to the abbey, where I'm to be found
Should you bethink you better ; yet remember,
Let but the sun once set, this day be past,
All that my art can do is gone forever.

(Exit at door, L. C.)

King. (Alone.) He seems determined, — yet at such a price
 To purchase an uncertain hope! A hope
 That may but disappoint! Charge in a moment
 Her innocent, unconscious, pure existence
 With sadness that may not be soothed; — to see
 Her tender youth wither from day to day
 By knowledge of her loss; — O, it is madness,
 Pure madness! Ebn Jahia *shall* hear reason;
 I will not rest until he yieldeth to me. *(Exit at door, L. C.)*

Enter BERTRAND and MARTHA, R.

Mar. The king away, and as it seemed in anger.
 The leech, too, is not here; what can have happened?

Ber. Nay,
 I know not. Yet I own I like not well
 Men of so close a nature, so mysterious,
 So chary of their words as Ebn Jahia;
 I always feel a curious sort of shudder
 With men of such a fearful power as he.
 There lieth the poor maiden on her couch
 As she were dead; let him but give a sign,
 And suddenly, as by a miracle, she sinks
 In sleep. I like it not.

Mar. Nay, never fear,
 And burden not thy mind with fruitless dread.

Ber. Well, time will show. Now let us go,
 We can put all in order: the poor maiden
 Is safe, and sleeps till we return.

(Exeunt behind the house, R. U. E. — a pause.)

Sir G. (Without, L. C.) Take heed, 'tis dark as night.

Tris. (Without.) Nay, forward, forward;
 Here is a door.

Sir G. (Without.) A door?

Tris. (Without.) And here the spring;
 'Tis open.

*Enter TRISTAN DE VAUDEMONT and GEOFFREY OF ORANGE, each
 bearing a guitar, suspended round his neck, L. C.*

Tris. What's this I see?

Sir G. By heaven, what
 A perfumed world of flowers!

Tris. How, a garden
 Here 'mid the barren mountains? O, what beauty —
 What taste displays itself!

Sir G. *(I am amazed;)*

Tris. But you who know the country can inform me
 Who the possessor of these sweets may be?

Sir G. Nay, I know not, for I have never dreamt
 Of such a spot.

Tris. But the inhabitants?

Sir G. I can see no one.

The garden has, methinks, been called to life
In one short night, to be the chosen scene
Of happy dalliance with Endymion,
By Diana's self, who coyly would conceal
Here, 'mid the lofty mountains of Vaucluse,
From the rude world, her secret happiness :
'Tis now once more deserted.

Tris. Nay, 'tis inhabited by mortals. See,
Fresh footsteps may be traced.

Sir G. 'Tis so, indeed.
A dainty little foot hath formed them ;
These, then, shall guide us.

Tris. Nay, that were too presuming ; wait we rather
'Till some one comes this way ; 'tis bad enough
Thus far to have intruded.

Sir G. As you will,
If all go well as it thus far hath done
I am content. What better could we wish,
Permitted, first all undisturbed to sing
Beneath the very cloister wall our melodies,
'Then, of a sudden, do we far below
Descry King René as he passeth on,
Buried in thought, with him the leech from Cordova
You would avoid the king, and, in the instant,
Drag me o'er ridge and stone, till we discover,
At the rock's foot, an artificial passage.
We enter, grope our way in darkness on,
And reach at length this fair and peaceful haven.
And yet, one thing I own doth puzzle me,
Why you thus fly from him you came to seek,
Entreating me with so much earnestness
To bear you company ? Besides, 'tis known
'To all of us, you are betrothed to one
Of the king's daughters.

Tris. Yea, betrothed indeed :
Scarce nine years had I numbered, when my father
And Burgundy arranged it, and arranged,
At the same time, their feud for fair Lorraine.
Manhood hath crowned me since. If the compact
By which the fruits of victory were lost
Is hateful to me, still more hateful is
The mode by which they sealed it ; all unwilling
Came I thus far, and all unwilling would
A single step advance this contract.

Sir G. For the king's sake I grieve to hear it, he
Who hath so long rejoiced at the betrothal.

Tris. Perchance to him it may be full
Of benefit, and yet — Know you his daughter ?

Sir G. I know her not. In Spain, within a convent

She has been nurtured, whence, at your arrival
 She will be summoned hither. But you forget
 Where we now are; 'tis true we have got in,
 And quite as true the place is beautiful;
 But the grand question is, shall we be able
 As easily to quit it when we wish?

Tris. Nay, never fear for that!

Sir G. At least discover

Whether inhabitants are here or no.

Will you not try the door, or else shall I?

Tris. (*Crossing to door, R.*) Leave all to me, and if some evil
 genius

Reigns in the place, 'tis but right

That I who brought you here should run the risk.

(*Knocks at the door, R.*)

No answer?

Sir G. Try if the door yields!

Tris. (*Opens the door.*) Ah!

What a sight meets my view!

Sir G. A spirit!

Tris. Yes!

It is indeed, a spirit, but of light.

See, see!

Sir G. (*Looks in.*) A beauteous maiden, on a couch.
 She sleeps!

Tris. She sleeps! Her bosom's rise and fall
 Tells of a living being: see the smile
 That plays upon her mouth.

Sir G. I pray you, Tristan, let us fly from hence —
 This lovely vision fills me with alarm:
 'Tis too inthralling, too beauteous; here
 Is but some haunted castle; sprites invisible
 Hurry us into toils. O, let us flee!
 Tristan! why speak you not? Tristan! O, ye heavens,
 He is already caught! spell-bound he stands
 As rooted to the spot. Tristan! come back!

Tris. (*Who is gazing in ecstasy.*) Speak lightly, Geoffrey, she
 might chance awake —
 Speak lightly — it were sinful to disturb
 The gentle calm which by her blessed slumber
 She sheds on all around.

Sir G. Nay, only hear me!

Tris. Silence! — Be still, I say; this spot is holy;

(*Kneels down, stretches his arm towards the queen's death.*)

O, pardon me, that with a glance profane
 I have approached thy resting place!

Sir G.

Stand up!

It frightens me to see thee thus unmanned
 By foul enchantment. Follow me! This vision
 Is all deceptive! Follow me!

Tris. (*Rising.*)

I cannot!

Sir G. Stand not thus like a statue;
If ~~fly~~ you will not, then arouse your spirits,
 And let us, if we can, discover who
The maiden is, and waken her.

Tris. Nay, nay,
 That were a sin.

Sir G. You will not? Then will I.

(*GEOFFREY enters the mansion.*)

Tris. The reckless one — he speaks to her — he dares
 To seize her hand! (*GEOFFREY comes out terrified.*)

Sir G. Away, away!
I cannot waken her. She is spell-bound
 Under some secret, devilish power! Away!
We have thrust ourselves, alas!
Into some sanctuary to court our death!

Tris. A sanctuary! truly 'tis one; but 'tis
 For life, and not for death; yet art thou right.
 We must withdraw from off this holy ground,
 Where we have but intruded. See, she sleeps;
 It were unknighly to remain. (*He goes in, R. 2 E.*)

Sir G. He kneels!
 He presseth on her hand a kiss, and gazeth.
 How he doth gaze! Now from her swan-like neck
Hath he a ribbon loosed — he brings it with him —
 And, Heaven be thanked, at length he comes again!

(*TRISTAN comes out.*)

Tris. Now have I deeply on my heart engraved
 Her lovely image, never to depart.
 Now, let us go; yet have I sworn
 To visit her again, and in her dreams.
 If I were not deceived, she seemed, methought,
 To smile upon that vow. This ornament
 (A polished stone that lay upon her breast)
 I have ta'en with me; so shall this jewel tell
 The influence, that even sleeping, she
 O'er my whole life has gained. Come, Geoffrey.

(*He prepares to depart, with GEOFFREY, by the secret door, ICLANTHE appears at the door of the house, R. — Notwithstanding ICLANTHE's blindness her movements are composed and serene; only now and then, by a listening attitude or a gentle advance of the hand, as if feeling before her, does she betray her want of sight. The eyes are open but often cast down, or at least their movement is slight.*)

Io. (Still at the door, R.) Martha! Bertrand!

Tris. Behold! she comes.

Io. There spoke
 Some one. (*Goes towards TRISTAN, following the sound.*) Who's
 there?

Tris. A stranger, lady, who
 Must crave forgiveness, that so bold he was
 To break the quiet peace that reigneth here.

Io. Give me thy hand; this is the first time thou hast
Been here. Thy voice I know not. Camest thou
To speak with Bertrand, or with Martha here?

Tris. To speak with no one. Chance alone it was
That brought me here.

Sir G. (*Aside to TRISTAN.*) Ask her, who is this Bertrand?

Io. (*Listening.*) Who is it with thee now?

Tris. My friend,
A troubadour, and noble knight, fair lady.

Io. Ye both are welcome. Will ye not then enter
Into the house? 'tis cooler there.

Sir G. (*Quickly.*) By your leave
We will remain without. (*Aside to TRISTAN.*) 'Tis better so.

Io. (*Who has taken TRISTAN's hand.*) Thy hand is warm, the heat
hath been oppressive.

Wait, and I will bring thee wine. (*She goes into the house, R. 2 E.*)

Tris. O! what a gracious being, what a mild
And holy gentleness, and what a noble brow!
And then her winning voice.

Sir G. 'Tis true, indeed,
One feels as if enchanted when she speaks.
She must be sure of noble birth, and yet

Caution were best. So when
The wine appears, drink it not, Tristan.

Tris. From her fair hand with joy would I drink death.

(*IOLANTHE enters with a flask of wine and cup, R. 2 E.*)

Io. Here bring I wine such as my father drinks;
For me too potent 'tis. Will you not taste it?

(*Fills the cup and hands it to TRISTAN.*)

Tris. (*As he drinks it.*) All joy to you, my young and beautiful
lady.

Io. There, take the pitcher; pour, too, for thy friend,
If he will drink it. I, the while, will pluck
Some fruit, the swelling grape, some dates, or such
As you may fancy.

(*She takes a small basket and gathers fruit from the trees.*)

Tris. Drink thou! (*Offers the goblet to GEOFFREY.*)

Sir G. Do you feel
Nothing? No giddiness?

Tris. Nay, do not fear.

Sir G. Call you this wine? By heaven, 'tis Malvoisie,
Such as King René's self might boast; my Tristan,
I drink the wine, but all the sin be yours!

Io. (*Approaching them again.*) Here bring I fruit, if you would
choose any.

I put them here down on the table.

Sir G. O, noble lady, deign to forgive the question;
I fain would ask what noble house your birth may claim,
And who your father?

Io. What! you know not that?
I am surprised! for no one e'er comes here
That knows him not.

Sir G. Hist! some one comes; be silent!

Enter IOLANTHE, R.

Io. Are ye here still . . .

Sir G. (c.) Will you not lead us to the house's master?

Io. (*A little cast down.*) Ah! they are all away, and no one came, Although I called them; they have all deserted me.

Tris. Sure, they will come again?

Io. No doubt they will,

They're at the vintage, where I too should go,
For always one is with me.

Sir G. (*Aside to TRISTAN.*) You remain.

Tris. (*Crosses to her.*) I do.

Sir G. Then fare ye well, I go to act

As I have said.

(*Exit, L. C., first making an inclination to IOLANTHE, which she notices not.*)

Io. (*Listening.*) Your friend is gone away?

Tris. He goes but to return; yet with your pardon,
I must confess a wrong I did you, which
Must be repaired; this ornament I took
While you were sleeping; it was but intended
As a remembrance. Here it is.

(*Gives her the jewel which he had brought away with him.*)

Io. Where? This!

A jewel. Is it mine? Belongs it to me?

Tris. As I conjecture.

Io. Nay, it is not mine;

I will ask Martha. (*She lays the amulet on the table.*)

Tris. As a compensation,

Give me, I pray, but one of these red roses,
Which, as your fitting image, raise their heads
Amid these blooming flowers.

Io. What, a rose?

With pleasure. (*Plucks and gives him a white rose from R. 1 E.*)

Tris. Ah! but 'tis a white you've plucked!

Give me a red one, beauteous as yourself!

Io. How dost thou mean a red one?

Tris. One of these! (*Points with the hand.*)

Io. Take it thyself, then!

Tris. Rather let me have

What your fair hand has gathered as your choice,
The white rose.

There slumbers a pale, dreamy red that seems
Like to the dreamy beauty of this garden.

Give me one other yet! also a white one,
So will I then with both my bonnet deck,

And think I wear your colors.

(*She plucks and gives him a red rose from R. 1 E.*)

Io. Here is a rose, then; was it this you meant?

Tris. I asked a white one of you.

Io. Well, and this?

Tris. This! this! — (*Aside.*) What dire foreboding thought, —
(*Aloud.*) Say quick,

How many roses hold I in my hand?

(*Holds up the roses together with others which he himself has hastily gathered.*)

Io. (*Stretching out her hand for them, without directing her eyes towards them.*) Give me them, then!

Tris. Nay, without touching them!

Io. How is that possible?

Tris. (*Aside.*) Ah, heaven! then she is blind!

(*Aloud, but in subdued tones full of emotion.*)

Io. If one desire to know a thing, its form,
Or number, one must touch it, that is clear.

Tris. (*Doubtingly.*) Yes, yes; in truth you may be right, and yet
Sometimes, you know —

Io. Sometimes! speak on, speak on!

Tris. I mean that — that — there are such things
As one by color only can distinguish,
As many sorts of flowers, many textures.

Io. You mean their properties and forms —
Is it not so?

Tris. Nay, 'tis not merely that.

Io. Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?
Are not the roses round, and soft, and delicate,
Soft to the touch e'en as the zephyr's breath,
And warm and balmy like a summer evening?
Is the carnation like the rose? O no!
Its perfume stuns one like the wine which late
I gave thee. Then the cactus; know'st thou not
Its points are like the wind, in sharpest frost?

Tris. 'Tis strange! Have you then never yet been told
That to distinguish objects from afar
Is possible by help of — of sight?

Io. How? from afar? O yes; the little bird
That sits on yonder roof I can distinguish
By its light twittering, and all who approach
Each by his speech; so do I also know
The bounding steed, on which I daily ride,
Far as he may be, by his step and neighing;
But by the help of what you call sight,
Of that I have heard nothing. Is it then
Something of artificial composition, or
Some simple tool? I know not of this sight;
Thou canst, perhaps, tell me its use or profit?

Tris. (*Aside.*) Great Heaven! she knows not then that she is
blind!

Io. Tell me, from what far country com'st thou hither?
Thou hast expressions no man uses here;
And in thy speech there is, as I have said

Already, so much new and strange to me.
 If, then, the valley where thy days are spent,
 Differs so much in all things from this spot,
 I pray, I pray, yet longer here, to teach
 My mind those things it should be taught to know.

Tris. Nay, fair young maiden, 'tis not in my power
 To tell you all that you do lack.

Io. Methinks
 Hadst thou the will the power would not be wanting,
 And yet I have been told I'm teachable;
 And many a one that here hath visited
 Hath taught me somewhat, which I ever seem
 To comprehend so clearly. Do but try!
 I cannot be deceived. Thou surely must
 Be full of kindness, for thy voice's tone
 Is kind and friendly. Thou wilt not refuse!
 I know thou wilt not! I'll be so attentive.

Tris. Alas! 'tis not enough to be attentive.
 But tell me this: have you not well remarked
 There is no portion of your corporal frame
 That is without its use and proper office?
 The hand and finger grasp each varied object;
 Your little foot, small as it is, can bear you
 Where'er you will with ease. The spoken word,
 Or tone of music, fills your inmost soul,
 Traversing first the portals of the ear.
 A stream of eloquence flows from the lips,
 And the light breath's fair mansion is the breast
 Rising and sinking with its peaceful fall.

Io. All this I have well noted; but proceed.

Tris. Tell me, then, for what use do you imagine
 Heaven hath bestowed your eyes? What profit
 Have you derived from the twin pair of stars,
 Which with such brightness shine they seem to court
 The rays of light to penetrate within them?

Io. (*Moves her eyes, and remains thinking a moment.*) You ask
 me what the use. How strange the question!
 And yet — I never have considered that.
 And yet — my eyes — nay, it were sure most easy
 To tell you that; when, at the evening's close,
 Fatigue hath seized me, sleep doth press them down,
 Sealing them up in sweet oblivion,
 And spreads, through them, its peaceful influence
 O'er my whole frame, as is communicated
 The touch by contact with the finger's point.
 There, then, at once, thou hast one great advantage
 My eyes afford me; further, hast thou not
 Observed, too, other uses they can serve?
 As I a little rose-tree late had planted,
 An insect stung my finger; at the pain
 Gushed forth my tears and soothed it. Then, again,

When I myself had wearied much to think
 Wherefore my father so delayed to come,
 When he *did* come, O, how I wept for joy!
 Through tears, then, when my heart is all too full,
 Either with joy or grief, is it relieved,
 As by a gracious overflow; and yet
 Thou can't inquire for what use or benefit
 The Power Almighty gives me eyes. By them,
 When I am weary, rest is given. In grief,
 My grief is 'minished; and in joy, my joy
 Ennobled and refined.

Tris. Forgive me, lady;
 My question was presumptuous, for in you
 Is such an inward clearness of the soul
 That you require no light to penetrate
 Through the eyes' portals. O, fair unknown,
 If you with mortals have a common origin,
 Traced up to mother earth; if you have part
 In all the passing pleasures of this life,
 Deign to receive a knight's true homage! Hear
 The vow he utters: ne'er shall mortal woman,
 High as may be her birth or beauty's fame,
 Efface thy image graven on my soul.

Io. (*After a pause.*) How thou dost speak! 'Tis wonderful! 'tis
 beauteous!
 Say, from what master hast thou learnt the art
 To fascinate the ear with words of mystery?
 To me it seems as if I trod alone
 Some unaccustomed path, yet all thou sayest
 Is excellent, nay, 'tis almost divine.
 Speak yet again—yea, rather speak not; let me
 Still in my fancy listen to those words,
 Which at once please and puzzle me.

GEOFFREY *rushes quickly in, L. C., with his sword drawn.*

Sir G. (*Aside to TRISTAN.*) Good Tristan,
 Far in the distance I have seen approaching
 A 'roop of armed men. Remember, here
 We are alone. (*Exit GEOFFREY, L. C.*)

Tris. (*To IOLANTHE.*) My fair and noble maid,
 I must away.

Io. Ah! wherefore wouldst thou go?

Tris. I come again, and soon—even to-day.
 Will you not measure with your hand my height,
 That when we meet again you may the better
 Remember me?

Io. Measure thy height! and wherefore?
 Know I not thy very voice's tone?
 There is no voice, no tone in nature,
 Nor e'en in any instrument I know,

That has so soothing, yet so full a sound,
So honey-sweet to me as is thy voice!
Thee I should know, believe me, among all.

Tris. Then fare you well until we meet again.

Io. Give me thy hand. Farewell. Thou comest then,
And comest quickly. I shall look for thee.

Tris. (*Kneeling, kisses her hand.*) O, doubt not I shall quickly
come again,

Or that my wishes urge me. Though I go,
I leave with thee the best part of myself
To stay with thee, and what remains to me
Of life is wedded to thy memory. Farewell!

(*Exit by the secret door, l. c.*)

Io. (*Alone, listening.*) He's gone; already by the mountain's
side,

Where stranger footfalls oft have met my ear,
His light step is just audible; and now
It is no more. Yet, hark! once more, again!
And now 'tis past indeed. Comes he again?
What if, like many a visitor before,
He should come *but this once*? Nay, he has promised
To see me yet again, even to-day.
And now the dew is falling; night is near.
To-day, it cannot be; perhaps to-morrow.
Meanwhile 'tis all so lonely.

*Enter MARTHA, from behind the house, R. U. E., who, on seeing Io-
LANTHE, approaches her quickly.*

Mar. How, my child?
What see I? Thou'rt wakened, and art here.

Io. O Martha! thou art come to me at last.
Where hast thou been?

*Enter KING RENÉ and EBN JAHIA through the secret door in the back
ground unnoticed, and remain listening.*

Mar. Among the laborers.
But speak! who did awake thee?

Io. I awoke
Myself.

Mar. Thyself!

Io. I can remember nought
Beside. But list! for I have news for thee:
I have had visitors.

Mar. What visitors?

Io. Two strangers, whom, *however*,
I know not; who have never been before.
'Tis such a pity thou wert absent!

Mar. Child!
What strangers? and from whence?

Io. (*Interrupting her.*) Nay, for the whence they came.
That I inquired not. Thou hast often said
One should not urge with idle questioning
A stranger guest.

Mar. Who was it then, my child?

Io. Of that I know not.

Mar. (*Interrupting her.*) And thou wast alone!

Io. I called aloud to thee; thou heardest not.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Merciful heaven! Is't possible?

(*Aloud.*) Yet tell me —

Io. Ah, Martha, never yet was visitor
Like unto them, at least to one of them.
It cannot be but that his residence
Is in some far-off land, quite different
From this, our valley; for he had a power,
And yet a mildness in his speech, so full
Of love and friendship, just like to thyself.

Mar. Calm

Thy spirits, my sweet love. — (*Aside.*) What's this I hear?

(*Aloud.*) Yet say, what next did he impart to thee?

Io. O, much; much that was new and wonderful;
He had full knowledge of so many things
That I, as yet, had never heard. He said —
And yet I understood it not — he said
That one could even at a distance truly
Distinguish objects by the help of sight.

Mar. (*Aside.*) O heaven!

Io. Dost thou conjecture what he meant?

Mar. (*Seeing the KING.*) The king!

King. (*Aside to EBN JAHIA.*) O heavens! what is this I hear?
She is already then informed. (*Comes forward with EBN JAHIA.*)
My daughter!

Io. (*Falling on his neck.*) My dearest father, art thou come again?

King. I bring thee thy physician, Ebn Jahia.

Io. He, too, here? but where is he?

Ebn. (*Reaching her his hand, R. of her.*) Welcome, lady!

(*The KING takes MARTHA aside, L., while EBN JAHIA speaks to IOLANTHE, and without being remarked by her, examines her eyes.*)

King. (*To MARTHA.*) What has occurred?

Mar. Alas, I cannot tell.

During her sleep, in confident reliance
She could not waken of herself, we left her.
Meantime, she says, yet 'tis scarce possible,
A stranger hath been here to visit her.

King. The spring I forgot to close of yonder door.
So then this stranger spake?

Mar. He spake, so far

As I can gather, in the deep confusion
In which she now is plunged, even of her blindness.

King. Of her blindness? 'Tis then heaven's will

That she should be informed of it
Thou hearest, Ebn Jahia?

Ebn. Chance hath worked
With us. A stranger hath awakened her.
I found upon this table here, the amulet;
Yet, still she comprehendeth her condition
But darkly; and my counsel even now
Is, that at once you should impart all to her,
As you have promised.

King. I have duly weighed
The consequence, and I will risk it.

(Approaches IOLANTHE, who meantime has been talking to MARTHA.)

Lend
Your most attentive ear to me, my child;
No longer now dare I conceal from thee,
That an important crisis of thy life,
Which all thy firmness will require, is come,
Wilt thou with patience hear me, and with patience
(E'en though some sad and unexpected blow
Should threaten), bear that blow?

Io. O, speak, my father,
The blow will be the lighter if announced
By thy dear lips.

King. List to me then, my child.
I know not what the stranger may have told thee,
But deem he has betrayed to thee, what we
Thus far have anxiously concealed, the fact,
That there is wanting to thine inward soul,
One powerful aid to comprehend the world
In which thou livest! This, alas! is true.
That which is wanting is the power of sight.

Io. That did he tell me, but I understood not.

King. Know then, a wondrous power there doth exist
That hath the name of Light. Like the wild wind
Or rushing storm, it cometh from above.
And travelleth, like them, with boundless speed.
To every object that it resteth on,
It giveth its own shape and character,
Oft is it in close union with the heat.
And yet, this power of sight, my darling child,
Thine eye did early lose. The pride and riches
Of the great world were thus shut cut from thee.
All our best care could but in part supply
The loss which childhood bore. All we could do
Was to diminish from that suffering
Thou must encounter, and conceal its cause.

Io. Full, my dear father, are thy words of import,
To me incomprehensible.
The stranger, who was here but even now,
Whose words into my heart sank deep, of Sight
He also spake to me. What is this Sight?

Can I his voice, which with half pain, half pleasure
Struck on my soul, this voice, too, can I see?
Of the sweet nightingale, whose thrilling notes
I oft, yet still in vain, have tried to follow,
From bush to bush, in fancy? Is his song
A floweret whose sweet perfume I know,
But not its shape, its stalk, nor yet its petals?

King. Alas, my daughter, each of these thy questions
Pierceth me to the heart. I have a kind of hope,
A hope that thus far hath supported me,
That we may yet thy sight recover for thee;
That thy dear eye may yet to light be open,
Thy friend and teacher, here, good Ebn Jahia,
Hath long devoted all the skill, as leech
He hath, to find a favorable time
For his endeavors, and that hour has come.
Have confidence in him my daughter; go,
Go with him to thy chamber; Martha with thee.
First gentle sleep shall seize thee, and from thence
Thou wilt (*with much emotion*) perchance awake to sight,
If such should be the will of Heaven!

MARTHA reënters, R.

Io. What ails thee, my dear father? How thou tremblest;
Art thou not pleased, that now has come the hour
Thou hast so long attended? Say thou fearest
That all thy hopes may fail; yet, even then,
Remain I but henceforward, as before,
The daughter whom thou lovest, ever happy
In that most precious love, and quite contented
With this her fate. So let me then go in.

King. My darling child.

Io.

Fear not. (*RENÉ puts her gently over to R.*)
What my wise teacher

Hath thought on so intensely will succeed.
I feel it will; I have an inward presage,
As if I could already know within me
That wondrous power of Light thou hast described.
Thou didst say, its power was swift,
And that where'er it comes it lends a form
And character peculiar, that with warmth
It oft is close united, the *heart's warmth* --
Is it not so? O, yes, I know it is!
If *that* is the effect of light, I feel
That it is working even now within me!
But in one thing thou'rt wrong; not with the *eye*
Doth a man see. No, down here in the heart,
Lieth the sense of sight. 'Tis even here,
Is treasured like an echo, the remembrance

Of light I have already half received,
And which I go to meet in its completeness.

(Exit into the house, R., with MARTHA and EBN JAHIA, who has meanwhile approached her.)

King. Who then can have been here? Bertrand perhaps
Can tell me something.

Enter ALMERIC, by the door L. C.

King. Almeric — returned !

Al. I bring you, sire, a letter.

King. And from Tristan? *(Opens the letter.)*

Yes, 'tis from him. What's this he writes me? Ha!
The contract he had formed he would resign.

Al. He would annul it?

King. How strange! he freely doth confess his wrong,
And leaves to me the compensation due.

But he rejects my daughter's hand. *(Crosses R.)*

Al. Most insolent?

King. 'Tis my sad fate that ever follows me,
And seemeth at this hour an ill presage.
Have I not still (in thought) on this betrothal,
With all its cherished hopes, ever united
My daughter's cure? And thus *one* hope is gone,
As may, perhaps, how shortly be the other.
But no? I'll not debase my mind with fear.
Come what, come may, Heaven is above all *yet*.
Who was it gave the letter to thee?

Al. One

Of Geoffrey's vassals. Tristan stays, he says,
With Geoffrey.

King. How? With him! then there may be
Some room for hope, as he, perhaps — but hark!
There is a sound of weapons at the entrance.

Al. *(Who goes to the secret door.)* Some one is forcing in his
way.

King. By force!
Infamous!

Al. There are here, my liege, but few
Of our own people.

King. Draw thy sword, for no one
Shall cast a slight on René unchastised.

Enter TRISTAN, in glittering armor, with armed SOLDIERS, who remain at the entrance. During this scene, the glow of sunset is shed over the valley, and lasts to the end of the piece.

Tris. Back for your men already are subdued.
Yield yourselves prisoners! *(Crosses to L.)*

King. And who art thou,

Darest in arms approach this place? Go back,
Go back, or e'er my fury strike thee down. (*Crosses o.*)

Tris. Spare thy big words, for I am without fear,
I well believe the devilish power of magic
I, strong within this place, but I am armed;
Though all the spirits of the air were with thee,
Thou foul magician, and thy secret powers,
Thrice what they are, I fear not.

King. Madman! say
What brings thee here?

Tris. Answer me: art thou not
The owner of this valley?

King. Yes, indeed;
The owner of this valley and much more.
Who, then, art thou?

Enter GEOFFREY, L. C.

Sir G. What see I, René? (*Kneels.*)
My royal master!

Tris. (L.) How, the king!

King. (R. C.) Thou, Geoffrey,
With one who thus attacks the king in arms!

Sir G. (C.) Forgive me; he preceded me; I came
Too late.

King. Tell me once more, who art thou?

Tris. Tristan de Vaudemont, a name that should
Be not unknown to thee.

King. What! Tristan! Nay!
Is it indeed so?

Sir G. Yes, my liege; 'tis Tristan.

King. (*After meditating.*) And was it you that once before to-day
Were here?

Tris. 'Tis true, I have indeed been here;
Chance, not discourtesy, the cause. I knew not
That you were master of this spot.

King. And now,
What brings you here again?

Tris. Amid this vale of flowers, among a world
Of wonders, dwells the wonder of them all,
A beauty, none of all the troubadours
Of fair Provence were worthy to describe.

King. Know you who
This wonder is?

Tris. I do not. Yet high birth
And natural nobility is written
Upon her brow.

King. And it escaped you not
That, while thus bountiful in other gifts
Nature had shown herself, one thing unto her
Was wanting?

Tris. Ah! that she is blind;
But is there not enshrined within her soul
A light that far o'erbalances that want?

King. You know then she is blind, and yet — and yet —

Tris. I am her humble suitor.

King. By my troth,
You are the greatest wonder then of all!
You make your way, in arms, into this place
To seize by force what is already yours,
And which you proudly have rejected.

Tris. How
Is that, my king?

King. Know, then, this dazzling beauty
Who has enchained your senses is — my daughter.

Tris. Your daughter!

King. Yes, young count, the very same,
Whom by your letter you refused to marry;
The same, of whom you have so rash a scorn,
That to escape her you renounce Lorraine.
The same, in short, you have so much enchanted.
I doubt, poor thing, if she could now resign you.

Tris. Ah! is it true? These words intoxicate
My senses.

King. 'Tis indeed so.

Tris. Wherefore, then,
Dwells she —

King. Alone, within this valley. All
Shall soon be clear to you; but know, Sir Count,
That you have chosen for your hither coming
An all-important hour. At this moment
Is my beloved child, perhaps forever,
Condemned to darkness, or forever blessed
By glorious vision of the light.

Tris. Is't possible?

King. Even now is Ebn Jahia (the wise leech
From Cordova) in anxious expectation.
There is a stir within there! List again!
She speaks! O Tristan, 'tis my daughter's voice!
Ah! be they words of joy or disappointment
That pass her blessed lips? I hear a footstep!

(EBN JAHIA comes from the door first; he leads IOLANTHE by the
hand, and gives a sign to the others to withdraw to the back-
ground. These express, in dumb show, their interest and sym-
pathy in what follows.)

Io. O, whither dost thou lead me?
O, where, where am I? Hold me fast — support me!

Ebn. Compose thyself, my child.

Io. Nay, hold me! wait —
Stand still a moment! Here I ne'er have been.
What do we in this place? So strange! Who's there?

Hold me! My head is swimming — I am full
Of terror!

Ebn. Calm thyself, Iolanthe. Fix thy glance
Upon that earth alone, which hath so long
Been still unknown thy friendly stay, and which
E'en now doth meet thy untaught glance so truly.
That which thou seest, it is but the garden
Which thou thyself hast planted.

Io. This my garden!
I know it not; and see what fearful plants!
They bend! they bend! as they would fall on us.

Ebn. Fear nothing. These are but the palms, whose leaves
And fruits thou knowest long full well.

Io. Nay, nay,
I know them not; this brightness, too, which dazzles
On every side, and all the swelling clouds
That spread above so high — alas! how high!
What is it? Is it His spirit,
Which, they say, doth fill the universe?

Ebn. Nay, nay; this brightness is the light's reflex.
The blue, which marks the arched vault above,
That is the heavens; and we believe in heaven
He hath His dwelling place.

Io. Ah! tell me,
Tell me, I pray, tell me, what are these?

Ebn. Thou knowest them!

Io. Alas! I know them not!

(*The KING, much moved, approaches her.*)

King. My Iolanthe! know me — know thy father!

Io. (*Falling on his breast.*) My father! Gracious heavens! *thou*
art my father;

Yes; now I know thee, *that is, by thy voice.*
Stay by me; be my guardian and my guide.
I am so strange within this world of light!
They have ta'en all away I used to know.
All that once made my happiness is gone!

King. I have been seeking to provide for thee
In this new world a guide.

Io. Whom meanest thou?

King. (*Pointing to TRISTAN.*) There standeth he.

Io. That stranger!

King. Thou knowest him — hast lately spoken with him.

Io. With him? with him? (*Holds her hands before her eyes.*)

O, now I understand thee.

Within that noble form, methinks must dwell

That voice I heard,

So full of mingled majesty and gentleness.

(*To TRISTAN, who approaches.*) O, speak! but one word, speak as
thou didst speak!

Tris. My sweet and beauteous lady!

Io.

Hark! 'tis so!

In words like these, the earliest gleam of light
Found way into my heart, there to remain
Now and forever treasured in my soul.

Tris. (*Pressing IOLANTHE to his breast.*) Iolanthe, noble, noble creature!

King. (*Raising his hands over them.*) Blessing
Descend upon you from that mighty Being
Whose gracious work we see and reverence.

SOLDIERS.

KING.

IO.

ENN.

MAR.

SIR G.

TRIS.

R.

BERT.

L.

CURTAIN.

(2)

King Henry's Daughter
(Perffing)

Enter Tristram & Buff

Tris. What's this I see?

Geo. What a perfume & would it flowers
are

Tris. The perfume may be

Geo. I know not.
sly red.

Tris. - the inhabitants

Geo. - I can see no more - 2 subs & 1 fir

Tris. Geoffray took

Geo. A lovely morning on the coast - everything is white -
looked up to the sky and saw a
bird in the air.

Yris. upon her mouth.

Geo. I pray you, Yris, let us fly from hence -
here is but some haunted castle - Yris, ^{the bird} ^{is} ^{already} ^{caught} ^{at} ^{the} ^{spot} - Yris

Yris. that nothing place.

Geo. It frightens me to see. Here thus unarmed
by find enchantment - Let us go. ^{the bird} ^{is} ^{already} ^{caught} ^{at} ^{the} ^{spot} - Yris

Yris. I cannot.

over

(2)

Geo. If you will not - then let us, if we can, discover who she is, & warn her.

Yris. That were a sin.

Geo. You will not? ^{Rep R} Thynwell J. - (exit Geo, R)

Yris. To seize her hand. (Geo. rushes out R.)

Geo. I cannot warn her. ^{Rep R} She is ^{Rep R} spell bound under some devilish power. We have thrust ourselves into some panchmang. To court our death.

Yris. - not of death. goes in R.

^{Rep R} Looky R Buston Rep

Geo. He kneels, not from her neck hath he a relation - loosed - he brings it with him. (Yris enters R.)

I think brought me here

Geo. ask her, Yristan —

Yris. a gracious being

Geo. She must be of noble birth. & yet, caution is best. so when she wine appears. drink it not. Yris.
People should

Do. now friend for you —

Geo. Do you feel nothing — no giddiness? *Happy*

Yris. do not fear *quasi*

Tasty

Geo. Call you this wine? Yis Malicious. Yris. And
Yis there I drink the wine but all the sin be yours!

3) So. if you would choose any.

Geo. X. B. I fear would ask what noble house your
birth may claim - & who may be your father?

So. who knows him not?

Geo. So be a knight?

So. A knight?

Geo. ^{For a gentleman} Wears he the helmet, shield, & golden spurs?
^{Rank}

So. I have never inquired

Geo. How are you all alone? ^{Rank}

Geo. And, ^{yes} yes, there's no one here. — ^{2 others}
So. I will call them, Martha, Martha.

Geo. Come Yrishtan, let's away —
Yris. — I'll follow soon —

Geo. He is under the spell of the young beauty; I'll
mark along the road. — ^{with R. & L.} Do not tarry. (Exit L.)

So. — in its clasp let them. (King steps R.)
(Enter Geo. & Yris. L.)

Geo. My royal master! — (Surprised — R. & Y.)
King. Who art thou? — (To Yris.)

Geo. ^{to Geo.} Brave Yrishtan old Daedemant my ^{King.} ^{high!} —
Yris. She is my daughter.

(H)

Miss & Geo. Your daughter

being by glorious vision of the light.

Miss & Geo. eyes each other.

Not possible?